

G·A·Y P·I·P·P·O

By

ELEANOR FAIRCHILD PEASE



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KURT WIESE



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G·A·Y P·I·P·P·O

By ELEANOR FAIRCHILD PEASE
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and THE JOLLY LITTLE CLOWN

In Collaboration With
BEATRICE DE MELIK



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KURT WIESE

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The French words used in Gay Pippo are:

Marseilles—pronounced Mar-say. A seaport in southern France on the Mediterranean Sea.

Maman—pronounced Mah-mong. Mamma.

La Gauloise—the a in la is pronounced like the o in the word fox—Goal-waz. The name of the family estate

singe bleu—Sinhj. The i in singe is pronounced like the a in the word mad—bler. Blue monkey

Aristocratique—pronounced a-rees-to-crat-EEK. Dainty or slender
pignon—pronounced peen-yon. The kernel of the nut of the pine tree

Alleé—pronounced al-lay. A kind of passageway or path

bosquet—pronounced bos-kay. A grove of trees

Goutêr—pronounced goo-tay. A small afternoon tea enjoyed especially by French children

Monsieur—pronounced Muss-yer. Mister

San Tronc—pronounced San Tronk. The o in Tronc is pronounced like the o in the word ought. A village near Marseilles

Joyeux Noël—pronounced Hjwa-yer No-el. The French greeting for Merry Christmas

nèfles—pronounced né-fl. The e in nefles is pronounced like the e in the word met. Small fruit trees having a yellow juicy fruit and grown in France; also grown in our southern states and called medlar trees.

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La Gauloise, the family estate.



THE STRANGE HAT FROM MADAGASCAR

WHEN Pippo came to live at La Gauloise, there were eight children in the family. Their names were, beginning with the oldest and going right down the line, Florrie, aged sixteen, then Laura, Coco, Beatrice, Alice, Jean, Paul, and Henri, who was just four. There were also Maman and Papa, Barry the big St. Bernard, the Angora cats, the pigeons, the ducks, the chickens, the cow, the cook, the maids and the gardeners, and there were always guests.

Such a big family needed a large place in which to live. La Gauloise was large enough for them all with room to spare.

“What a huge family I have!” exclaimed Papa one day with a broad smile, “do you know, I have two hundred mouths to feed every day!”



"Two hundred!" cried Maman in surprise, her blue eyes opening wide. She had not thought her family *that* large.

But Coco was counting.

"Fifteen people, two cats, one dog, one cow, two white mice, one hundred chickens, fifty pigeons—I know because they are mine—about thirty ducks. You are almost right, Papa."

"Perhaps I should have said nearly," said Papa.

However, no one felt at all sorry for Papa. They knew he was happiest when surrounded by a big jolly family.

"The more the merrier," he always said.

It was in summer only that they lived in La Gauloise. When autumn came, Maman and Papa and the children left the animals and the house with the caretaker and his wife, and moved, bag and baggage, to the big stone house in the city of Marseilles.

The older children attended school in the city in winter. As it was but seven kilometers, or a little over four miles from the city to La Gauloise, they often returned for a visit during the winter.

Marseilles is a great seaport in southern France. It is on the blue Mediterranean Sea. Ships from all over the world stop there. They come from North and South America or northern Europe through the Straits of Gibraltar. Many come from China and India, or Australia, through the Suez Canal. Sometimes they have returned from voyages around the world.

Papa knew the officers of many of these boats. They came to the house to see him on business and often stayed for lunch or dinner. So the family became acquainted with people who had travelled in all parts of the world.

These visits were always most exciting partly because of the interesting tales the visitors had to tell, and partly because they so often brought odd and interesting gifts to the family. In the house were shawls and fans, jewels and rugs and chairs from China and India and Persia.

On one wall was a sheaf of arrows brought to Papa by an African chieftain. Imagine Maman's horror when she learned years afterward that they were poisoned arrows such as the tribesmen use in fighting. One guest brought them a zebra skin, another the skin of a twenty-five foot python. The family never knew what to expect next.

Visits grew more thrilling than ever when their friends who sailed the seas discovered that everyone at La Gauloise loved pets. On his very next visit their friend the Captain brought them a beautiful little gazelle. Then someone brought a pair of fluffy kittens, one white, one yellow, from distant Angora.

The gazelle had to be given to the Zoo after awhile, but the kittens grew to be old cats. The children named them Mousméé and Musko, which is Japanese for little girl and little boy.

Once when someone asked Maman what he could bring her from Russia, she said with a laugh,

"Oh, by all means bring us a bear, a Russian bear. We've never had a bear at La Gauloise."



“Yes, let’s have a bear,” piped up Jean, “I’ll teach him to dance and we can give shows!”

“But Mummy,” protested Alice, “he might eat up all the other animals.”

“Sillies,” laughed Beatrice, “Maman was only joking.”

They forgot all about it until one day a great package came in the mail and with it a letter. The letter said, “I could not bring the bear so I sent his skin.”

In the package was a great furry bearskin rug. They laid it before the fireplace at La Gauloise. The boys were disappointed. They had counted on a real live bear.

But they soon forgot their disappointment.

A great ship arrived in port one day. It had come from Cochin China, and on its way had stopped at the Island of Madagascar which is off the west coast of Africa. One of the officers who was a great friend of the family came to see them whenever his boat was in port. They were delighted when he arrived at La Gauloise the next day.





When he arrived he was carrying a hat box.

He was a great jolly man who always had a twinkle in his eye and a joke up his sleeve. When he arrived he was carrying a hat box.

How the children eyed that box, wondering what it contained. Of course they knew it was not polite to ask but they were glad when little Henri, bursting with curiosity, forgot his manners and said,

“Please, monsieur, tell us what you have in that box.”

Their jolly friend laughed and winked.

“What do you think, I have brought a hat from Madagascar for your mother.”

Then before they had time to swallow their disappointment that the box contained nothing but a hat he turned and presented it to Maman.

Maman suspected a joke.

“Let us see what kind of hats they wear in Madagascar,” she said, untying the string and lifting the lid.

They all crowded around to see.

How they shouted with delight as up popped a tiny white-faced monkey, looking for all the world like a funny old man!





THE DOLL BED

Oh, but he was a charming little fellow!

Their friend, the officer, said he was a *singe bleu*, which is the French for blue monkey. Blue monkeys are so called because their skin is a pretty pale blue. His slim little body was covered with soft brown fur, but his funny little face was white and surrounded by a stiff white beard, which made him look like an old man. When he opened his tiny mouth, he showed rows of perfect little teeth, like tiny seed pearls. As he looked about him at so many strange people, he rolled his big dark eyes solemnly.

The children touched him gently, he was so tiny and so pretty.

"See his cunning ears," cried Florrie, "like a baby's."

"And his beautiful little hands, so perfect," said Laura.

Maman said his hands were *aristocratique*, because they were so slender and fine and dainty. He held the side of the hat box with his littlest fingers arched just as ladies sometimes arch their little fingers when drinking tea.



He blinked his eyes. He had come so far and seen so many things, that he was quite bewildered. Then he began to chatter in a tiny voice, "Chee-ee-e, chee-e-e."

Maman picked him up and cuddled him to her.

"Poor little fellow," she said, "he is just a little baby and afraid."

He tucked his head under her chin and hid his face on her shoulder.

"Chee-e—" he said softly.

After a while Maman set him down on the floor and he looked around him shyly. The children brought him little playthings which he picked up and inspected soberly. But when Henri brought him a ripe yellow banana, he ate it greedily, stuffing it into his mouth with both tiny black hands.

He was the most comical little monkey they had ever seen, as he swung himself around the room with his tiny black paws and graceful tail. Nothing was too small to interest him.

"From now on we will have all the excitement we need," said Maman.

Evening came. He was very tired. He perched himself on Maman's shoulder and gazed about him sleepily, as though looking for a quiet place in which to go to sleep.

"The poor little monkey hasn't any bed," said Alice, who was growing sleepy herself and felt sorry for him.

"That is so," said Maman, "we must find a place for him to sleep."

But where? And in what?

Suddenly Laura jumped up.

"I know!" she cried, and darted out of the room.

In a few moments she was back, carrying—yes, her doll bed!

Never had it held such a lively doll. They made up the bed with sheets and blanket and pillow. For a few minutes the monkey was very curious about it, then he nestled down between the covers and before long was fast asleep.

They all were sure he liked his bed because the next evening when it was bedtime, he wandered over to Laura and sat looking at her solemnly, rubbing his eyes. When they brought out the doll bed again he climbed into it happily.

From the very first the little monkey from Madagascar showed that he was a very bright little fellow.





THE LITTLE MONKEY IS CHRISTENED

And now—what should they name the little monkey?

He was quite different from all other monkeys. Everyone said so. No ordinary names would do for such a lovable little creature.

But somehow it seemed that the longer they thought the more difficult it was to find just the right name.

Then Papa helped them out in a most unexpected way. Papa loved to sing but when he sang everyone smiled because he could not carry a tune. He had one song about a jolly man named “Pippo” of which he was very fond.

One day he came in singing “Pippo, Pippo” in his funny way.

It happened that the family had been sitting around racking their brains for a good name for the little monkey.

“Pippo—” warbled Papa.

Everyone laughed. But Coco spoke up suddenly,

“Why wouldn’t *that* be a good name for the monkey?”

At once they all wondered why no one had thought of it before. Of course it would be a good name. Gay Pippo, it just suited him. And so he was christened.

Surely there was never a luckier little fellow than Pippo. He had come to live with a happy troupe of children who adored him. His home was a great house surrounded by trees and gardens in which he could play all day. In the woods were nut trees and in the orchard the delicious fruits that he loved. Since monkeys live on fruit and nuts one can see what good fortune had fallen to him.

The house at La Gauloise was large and cool and pleasant. It stood on a hillside at the foot of which was the road leading from Marseilles to the village of San Tronc. Along this road was a wide canal supplying the countryside with water.

At the gateway to La Gauloise a small canal branched out of the big canal and into the grounds, following the driveway for a short distance. After awhile it flowed into a big pond which lay hidden in the woods. A great family of green and blue ducks paddled and quacked happily on the pond. The children spent many happy hours there, sailing their boats and bathing, or pushing the rafts about. Jean and Coco built the rafts. Coco was especially fond of making things.

If a stranger came to La Gauloise he rang the bell on the big iron gate at the entrance of the driveway. Then someone came down and opened the gate for him. But if it was a friend who came often he walked in without ringing. He walked up the driveway to the house between rows of palm trees and fragrant acacias. On either side of the drive were the woods. Tall pine trees, horse chestnuts, lilac bushes, snow balls, and delicate oleanders grew there. In the spring the ground was covered with violets and yellow daffodils.

The woods were full of surprises. Several small streams led out from the pond and watered the flower and vegetable gardens, and there were paths to be followed. One path led to the tennis court. Paul was the star of the tennis courts and though only third from the youngest of the big family he could win over his brothers and sisters.





On the path to the gardens Cook might be seen with a wheelbarrow. The wheelbarrow would probably be full of freshly picked vegetables—red beets, green lettuce, yellow carrots, and shiny green cucumbers. It took a great many vegetables to feed Papa's large family.

Then came the orchard fragrant with apricots, apples, peaches, and pears. Nearby was the grape arbor where in late summer hung great bunches of luscious grapes. And suddenly the guest house appeared. It was a cunning little building with a living room, kitchen, and two bedrooms, where guests could stay when the big house was full. In its little front yard was a flower garden in which grew a fig tree.

Coco's pigeons lived in a dovecote close beside the gardener's cottage on the back driveway.

There were woods behind the house too. Hidden in them was a great water tank resting on high supports. It was as big as a small room and full of water. The top was covered with wire netting to keep out the leaves.

Once when Maman was away, Jean, who could think of more mischief than all the rest of the family put together, dared Paul and Coco to climb to the top of the water tank. When they reached the top they felt so gay that they began to prance about on the wire netting in a sort of war dance. Suddenly one corner of the netting gave way and Jean fell into the deep water. Coco and Paul managed to drag him out. Jean was so frightened that he behaved himself all the next day.

After that no one but the gardeners and Pippo ever climbed to the top of the water tank.



They began to prance about on the wire netting.



THE CHILDREN LEARN ABOUT PIPPO

Pippo loved Maman most of all. He liked to perch on her shoulder and talk to her gently in his own strange language, "Chee, chee, chee." On the whole he was affectionate with the entire family, if he was not being teased. But there was another side to Pippo. He was very jealous of Maman, so jealous that if anyone else tried to kiss her or show her any affection, Pippo pushed them away, scolding angrily. He seemed to think that Maman belonged to him alone.

He was so little and so sure of himself that the children thought it very funny and often kissed Maman just to bother Pippo. Let someone say, "Oh, oh, Mummy, you are a dear sweet Mummy," and Pippo would fly at them until they had to run to save themselves, for naughty Pippo sometimes used his pretty white teeth to bite.

One day they discovered that Pippo also had sharp ears.

He was often gone from home for hours. He spent his time in the trees, wandering from one to another in search of the sweet pine nuts that he loved, or the hazel nuts and almonds that grew in the *allée*. Being very greedy he seemed to be eating most of the time, carrying what he could not eat at the moment in the little pouches in his cheeks.

Maman and the girls were sitting on the terrace in the cool shade of the tall pine trees, embroidering or reading.

"Shall we have a picnic at the seashore tomorrow?" said Maman suddenly.

Immediately there were cries of excitement. A picnic. What fun!

Alice climbed on Maman's lap and kissed her, "Mummy, you are a dear!"

Somewhere in the trees, Pippo must have heard.

In a moment there was a great commotion in the branches. If Pippo had been wearing magic boots and wings he could not have covered the distance more quickly. Swinging, leaping, scrambling, he hurried back, chattering his rage that anyone should dare to kiss Maman in his absence.

From an overhanging bough he dropped into Maman's lap, pushing Alice away. He put his tiny arms around Maman's neck and oh, how sweet he was. No longer the naughty monkey in a rage, but a lovable, gentle little fellow chattering gently to Maman.

After that when they wanted Pippo, they knew how to bring him home in a hurry.

In spite of his jealousy, Pippo was very fond of the children and loved to follow them about at their play. But he would not go near the pond. He was always afraid of the water.

There were other things he feared. At first he was afraid of Papa, which was strange, since Papa was very gentle and loved animals. Perhaps this was because of Papa's black beard and deep voice which made him so different from the rest of the family.





But when Papa lay down to take a nap, Pippo's curiosity overcame his fear. Pippo would sit beside him and watch him. As soon as Papa dozed off and his eyes closed, Pippo would creep toward him very quietly and reaching out his tiny paw, try to open Papa's eyes. Of course this awakened Papa, his eyes would open suddenly, and away Pippo would leap in alarm. Sometimes Papa was only pretending to sleep for the fun of teasing Pippo.

And then there was dear little Madame Clavel. Why Pippo should fear her so, no one could imagine. Surely a gentler, kindlier, soul never lived. She often came to La Gauloise to spend the afternoon. She never rang the bell at the gate but walked right up to the house because she knew the family so well.

Pippo never liked her. In fact he acted so badly when she was there that Madame Clavel became afraid of him. After a while, instead of coming up to the house, she stayed down by the gateway ringing the bell for someone to come and get her.

Perhaps little Madame Clavel had a certain way of ringing the bell that Pippo recognized. At any rate the moment she rang, he began to dance around, chattering in rage.

"It must be Madame Clavel, tie him up," someone would always call. So Pippo was exiled to a distant part of the house as long as she stayed. But even after she was gone he would be unhappy and nervous because she had been there.



Away Pippo would leap in alarm.



DINNER IN THE BOSQUET

Swinging on a branch was fun. Pippo could hold fast with his hands, give himself a push with his feet, then up, down, up, down, he swung, flying higher and lower each time. If he let go suddenly, that was fun too. He landed on another branch and swung there just as delightfully. Every day was a circus with Pippo.

This sport was more fun when Pippo discovered that the family ate in the *bosquet* at noon.

A *bosquet* is a grove or clump of trees. The *bosquet* at La Gauloise was about the size of a room. It had a floor of clean white gravel. All around were medlar trees (*les nèfles*). They grew close together and met overhead in an arch that made it dim and cool inside. It was cool even when the sun was very hot outside. The medlar trees bore a sweet yellow fruit that Pippo found very delicious.

In the center of the *bosquet* was the long dining table with bamboo chairs around it. Maman sat at the head of the table between Paul and Henri. Then on one side sat Beatrice, Coco, and Florrie. Papa sat at the foot of the table with Alice, Jean, and Laura on the other side. In the center stood a bowl of fruit which was passed around for dessert.

Often, just as they sat down, Maman called, "Coo, coo, coo." Her voice rang clearly through the trees. She was calling Coco's pigeons. Presently there would be a rush of wings as the pigeons, silver-white against the blue sky, came wheeling and dipping to the *bosquet*.

"Coo, coo," they answered, settling down in the medlar trees. They never came inside because they preferred the bright sun to the dark shadows.

Pippo was not allowed in the *bosquet* at meal times. He was supposed to amuse himself outside while dinner was being eaten. But this was hard for a little fellow who was fond of company and who enjoyed eating more than anything else. Besides the pigeons were allowed to come. Why, they were even called!

So day by day Pippo began to creep closer to the *bosquet* at mealtime.

One day he sat in the medlar trees and gazed at a bowl of delicious fruit that was placed in the center of the table. Pippo's eyes glistened greedily as he looked at the rosy apricots and peaches, the pears and bananas, with a great bunch of sweet black grapes heaped on top. The sweet fruit of the medlar trees was sour compared to what that dish held. He began to swing gently up and down on his branch. Up, down, up, down, and with each downward sweep of the branch, Pippo was nearer the bowl of fruit and the luscious grapes.

He had forgotten the family, who by this time were watching him. No one sent him away. They wanted to see what new trick he was up to.

Up, down, up, down! Pippo kept his eyes on the grapes. He held the branch with his feet and one hand and his tail. His other hand was free, ready to reach out and snatch the prize when he should swing low enough.

Up and down he swung with a broad sweep. There! Pippo seized the grapes and swinging upward with the branch bounced to the top of the tree, clutching the precious grapes. He was very much pleased with himself.

Below him the family burst into laughter.

"Bravo! Pippo!"

But what impudence! And *what* would he think of next?

Pippo was stuffing the grapes into his mouth and dropping the skins, regardless where they might land.

Pippo *must* stay out of the *bosquet*," said Maman. "We can't have this."

This made everyone smile since it was Maman who spoiled Pippo.





BARRY

One of Pippo's best friends was Barry, the great gentle St. Bernard. Wherever the children went, Barry was at their heels, always faithful and watchful.

Barry has a story all his own.

He was born in Switzerland. When he was a young puppy, it happened that a young man came to Switzerland from Russia. The young man was very ill and it was hoped that the high mountain air would help him. But the days were long and lonely for him and he grew very homesick for his own country and friends.

Then one day he saw Barry, who was just a big roly-poly puppy, with thick brown hair, great clumsy feet, a huge head, and the softest, friendliest eyes one can imagine. Barry was so gentle and lovable that the young man could not resist him and Barry found himself with a new master.

Since he was too ill to walk, the young man rode about in an open carriage in the bright sunshine. Barry rode with him, sitting very straight and oh, so proudly, on the seat. He was so big that he towered over his master and people often turned to smile at the sight.



Barry rode with him, sitting very straight.



Barry grew so fast that before long he had to sit with his front feet on the floor of the carriage, which made him look funnier than ever. He never outgrew his fondness for riding about in a carriage. Years later, if he chanced to find an empty carriage standing by a curb, he would climb in and wait hopefully for someone to take him for a ride.

Barry's poor master did not find the cure he was seeking. Finally he became so ill that he decided to return to Russia, taking Barry with him. They started out on their long journey. When they reached Venice, however, the young man sent for his father to come for him.

He was dying when his father arrived, but even then he thought of his faithful Barry and was anxious that no harm come to him. Then he recalled some dear friends in France whom he had often visited and who were very fond of him. They were none other than the family at La Gauloise. He remembered how they loved animals. He was sure they would be good to Barry.

"Please see that Barry is sent to the family at La Gauloise," he begged his father.

One day a telegram was delivered at La Gauloise. It was from the father of Barry's master, saying his son had died but his last wish was that his friends should have his dog. Would someone please come to Venice to fetch him?

Venice was two days' journey from Marseilles, but Papa was glad to help his friend and he set out at once. The children were sorry to hear of their friend's death. After Papa left they spent a great deal of time wondering what sort of dog the new pet would be.

In the meantime and during the months that had passed, Barry had grown and grown until he was as large as a young pony, and broader. Imagine Papa's surprise when, arriving at Venice, he found the great shaggy St. Bernard puppy awaiting him. He had not counted on such a great animal.

He found that he must buy a special ticket for Barry, and that Barry must have a crate made before he could ride on the train. Besides, he ate as much as a young lion. After much delay and preparation they started home. Papa had made arrangements to stop over one night on his way back. At the hotel he found that he would have to hire a room just for Barry.

By the time they arrived at La Gauloise, Barry had cost Papa a pretty penny. But Papa said he was worth it and he had a long and very funny tale to tell of their adventures.

Papa's arrival at La Gauloise with huge Barry sitting beside him on the carriage seat caused a sensation since no one had imagined a dog like this. Why, he was so big that his collar just fitted around one's waist.

As for Barry, he was delighted with this jolly family of girls and boys and made himself at home with them.

His coat was very thick and long, since he was the kind of dog that is bred for living in the cold climate of Switzerland. It was more suited for ice and snow than the warm air of southern France. He suffered from the heat, but in spite of this was always patient and gentle.



In hot weather the family used to go to the seashore for picnics. It was several miles away and the trip was made in the family omnibus. The omnibus was really used to bring guests from the station to the house. It had a ladder on the side and a railing around the top. The luggage was carried up the ladder and fastened on top.

When they went on picnics, Maman and the eight children, their guests, the lunch baskets and bathing things just about filled the omnibus. It was out of the question to take big Barry along, although they all knew he would be happy by the cool sea. There just was not room inside for him.

Then they discovered that with some help Barry could climb up the ladder to the top. After that Barry went on all their picnics, riding aloft like a sailor on lookout. As soon as he caught sight of the sea shining in the distance and sniffed the salt air, he set up a tremendous barking, announcing to everyone that they were almost there.

As soon as they actually arrived, Barry was the first to set foot on the sand. He leaped and scrambled down the ladder and dashing off to the water waded in, barking his joy. He lay down in the water and let it lap over him and cool him.

When Barry could not go to the seashore he found that the pond at home was a fair substitute. Sometimes in the hush of a hot afternoon there would be a loud splash. Barry was cooling himself in the pond.





PIPPO AND BARRY

Pippo loved Barry because he was big and gentle and never frightened him. Mousméé, the white cat from Angora, loved Barry for the same reason. When he lay down on the terrace she used to carry her kittens and tuck them between his great paws, then curl around them and go to sleep. There she was secure from Pippo's prying habits.

For Pippo was far too interested in her kittens to please Mousméé.

He was so enchanted by the fluffy creatures that he could not stay away from them. When they played on the terrace, chasing each other about with faint meows, darting up and down tree trunks, tumbling and rolling, Pippo was very pleased. He tried to play too. He darted up the trees after them, pulling their tails and frightening them out of their wits. And Mousméé would stalk about switching her plummy tail in anger, crying to her babies to come away from that monkey.

This was all great sport to Pippo.



But when Mousmeé gathered the kittens into the shelter of Barry's paws Pippo was at a loss. If he tried to crowd in too, her angry growl frightened him away. He knew all about Mousmeé's sharp claws. So he would sit and eye them all wistfully.

After they were asleep, he would creep softly to Barry's back and perch himself on his head. Since he must always be busy about something he would begin to look for fleas. Barry would stand the monkey as long as he could, then he would suddenly give his head a great shake. Away flew Pippo squeaking in fright, only to creep back again as soon as Barry was once more asleep.

Every day brought new excitement into Pippo's life.

One day Coco made a wagon. Coco was clever at making things. It was a very good wagon when he had finished it.

Jean and Henri and Alice and Barry stood around and admired it.

"That's a fine wagon you've made," observed Jean, wondering to what use he could put it. "If we had a harness we could hitch up Barry and all have rides."

Barry wagged his tail gently, and Alice and Henri were charmed with the idea.

"I can make a harness easily," said Coco.

Before an hour had passed he had made a good harness out of straps and rope.

"Come on, Barry," they said, "you are going to be useful."

Barry was willing to be useful but wondered what was going to happen.

Pippo had been fastened to a tree by a chain which was hooked to a little belt around his waist. He had run away that morning. Now he dropped the pine cone he had been pulling apart and watched them curiously.

"Chee-e-e-e—" he chattered.

"Pippo wants to go for a ride," said Alice.

"Very well, he may go," said Coco.

They fastened Pippo to Barry's collar. He clutched at Barry's fur and rolled his eyes.

Jean climbed in and took the reins.

"Go on, Barry," he cried. Coco gave Barry a push. The big fellow, suddenly terrified at the clattering of the wagon and anxious to be rid of it, began to run about crazily.

Pippo screamed in fright as the wagon clattered along the driveway with Jean hanging on for dear life, and the others shouting to Barry to stop.

Bumpity-bump, bumpity-bump, they rattled along. Then with a final bump the wagon tipped over, spilling Jean out. Barry made for the house.

Maman was sitting on the terrace.

"What's this? What IS this?" she cried.

Barry and Pippo and the harness and the wagon were all tangled together.

Coco and Jean cut the harness and untangled them. Pippo made a leap for Maman's shoulder where he tried to tell her all about his last adventure.

But Barry gave himself a great shake and ambled away as though to say,

"No more of this nonsense."





They petted him and fed him from a bottle.



SNOWBALL

Presently there was a new pet at La Gauloise. Pippo was astonished one morning to find that a strange, wobbly, woolly little creature had joined the family. Papa had brought home a tiny lamb.

Pippo walked around him in wonder. The lamb looked at him with gentle dark eyes. "Baa-a-a," he said sadly. Pippo jumped nervously, but as the lamb appeared to be harmless he paid no more attention to him.

The children adored the little creature. They fussed over him and petted him and fed him from a bottle.

"You must remember," said Maman, "that he must NOT go near the oleanders."

In the woods were oleander trees, very lovely with their fragrant pink blossoms, but very poisonous to sheep. Once there had been another lamb at La Gauloise. He had eaten the leaves of the oleander and died.



They promised to watch him. They were very careful and since nothing else happened to harm him, he was soon growing into a good-sized lamb. What a frisky fellow he was, when he kicked up his little black heels and galloped about. After a while two tiny black horns appeared among the woolly curls on his forehead. He would put his head down and run and butt at the boys when they danced around him. He enjoyed these boxing matches as much as the boys.

At last he grew so big and strong that Maman was afraid he might hurt someone, and she said she thought he ought to be given away.

They all loved the playful little fellow, but what she said was quite true. What should they do with him? It would be nice, they decided, if they could find a good home for him with a farmer.

One day Jean was in the village. Marius, the fat butcher, was lounging before his shop.

"Hello," he said, "I hear you are looking for a home for a lamb. Would you like to give him to me?"

Jean hesitated. After all, Marius was a butcher.

"We want a home for him, we don't want him—killed," he said.

Marius roared with laughter.



"I hear you are looking for a home for a lamb."

"Now I had no such idea. I was just going to say that if you want to give him to me I will put him to work, and he will have a good home."

Jean took the news home.

It was hard to part with Snowball but since Marius had said he would give him a good home, they decided it might be best. They said good-bye to Snowball, and Jean and Paul led him away to the village.

When they left him, Marius promised them once more that he would be kind to Snowball and besides, he said, he would teach the lamb to work.

All the way home they wondered what he meant by that. Then one day they discovered.

It seemed that Marius used to walk to the market, two or three miles away, once a week to buy sheep for mutton. Now sheep are simple, muddleheaded creatures which take fright easily but will follow one of their own kind. Marius sometimes had trouble driving his sheep home from market.

But after Snowball came to live with him, he put a collar with a bell around his neck and took him to market with him. As soon as he had purchased his sheep he turned Snowball's head homeward and started him off. The other sheep followed Snowball. Marius walked along beside them, and they all arrived home in safety.

On their way they had to pass La Gauloise, where Snowball had spent so many happy days as a tiny lamb. The children used to meet them.

"I don't think it is very kind to make Snowball lead those sheep back just to be killed," said Alice.

"Well," said Jean, "it is better than if some other sheep were leading Snowball back." To which the rest agreed.





PIPPO FINDS A NEW KIND OF CANDY

Pippo was a little glutton. It seemed that he was eating all day long, beginning in the morning with bread and coffee which he had with Maman. He wandered about in the woods or the orchards gorging himself on fruits and nuts. Then he came home with his hands full of treasure, monkey treasure, and his cheeks bulging, since he used them as pockets in which to store what he could not eat.

It was useless to try to take anything from him. He simply stuffed it into his cheeks and ran away. But in spite of his greediness he never grew fat because he was so active.

"Some day your appetite will get you into trouble," warned Maman.

And so it did.

Laura was taken ill and Maman sent for the doctor. When he came he looked at her tongue and felt her pulse and then he poured out some little brown pills into a box. He wrote on the box, "Take one every two hours." He said that ought to bring back the color to her cheeks and give her a good appetite.

After he was gone Laura looked at the pills a bit crossly.

"Do I have to take all of these?" she asked.



"Until you are better," said Maman firmly, "and remember to follow the directions, one every two hours, and never more." For, it seemed that these pills like most medicine, were helpful only when taken in the right amount.

"No danger," said Laura. "Imagine taking too much medicine!" But as she slipped the little brown pill into her mouth she was surprised to find that it was as sweet as sugar.

The days sped by. Whether it was the little brown pills or plenty of fresh air and sunshine, would be hard to say, but at any rate the color came back to Laura's cheeks and her appetite came back. The box of brown pills was still more than half full.

It was a still summer day. The house was cool and quiet and empty. Pippo wandered in at an open door. He was looking for Maman but in his pleasure at finding himself all alone and not being watched, he quickly forgot all about her. So he trotted about the rooms prying and poking about as was his way. He came to the stairs. Peering watchfully between the banisters, he began to climb. And still there was not a sound in the house. Pippo had the place to himself.



Pippo had the place to himself.



He came to the open door that led into the pink and white frilly room which Laura and Beatrice shared. Pippo stole in softly. His sharp little eyes were attracted first by Laura's bureau. It was covered with gay things, silver boxes that gleamed, sweet-smelling bottles that glittered, bright trinkets. Lucky Beatrice, her bureau stood in the shadow. With a graceful bound Pippo reached the top of Laura's bureau.

He played with the brush and tossed it aside. The comb followed it to the floor with a clatter. The mirror was more fun. It held another monkey, a little white-faced fellow that Pippo tried hard to catch. But each time he peeped behind the mirror the other monkey disappeared. At last Pippo grew disgusted with him and sent the mirror skimming into space. Luckily for Pippo it did not break but slid along the polished floor and under a bed.

By that time he had discovered an interesting little cardboard box. It took some moments to pry the cover from the box but when at last he succeeded he found it half full of tiny brown pills.

Here was something he could understand! Quick as a flash his little black paw had crammed a handful of the brown pills into his mouth. How good they were! Just like candy.

He was reaching for more when suddenly his sharp ears heard a step in the hall. He bounded off the bureau and disappeared through the door leading into Florrie and Alice's room, just as Laura entered from the hall.

She stopped in amazement. Everything was helter skelter. Then she saw the empty box on the floor. Her pills were gone! Pippo had eaten them! With a cry of alarm she fled down the stairs calling loudly,

"Mummy, Mummy! Pippo has eaten my pills!"

Her excited cries brought the family from the tennis courts and the woods. The little ones began crying because they had heard Maman say the pills were poison if one took too many.

"Oh," they cried, "will Pippo die?"

"Not if we take care of him right away," said Maman. "Hurry and find him and bring him here. And Beatrice, you run quickly and bring the big brown bottle from the medicine closet. That is the antidote for these pills. It was printed on the box."

And she told them that an antidote was a cure for poisoning.

Florrie and Alice came running with Pippo. They had found him sitting near the *bosquet*, looking thoughtful. When he saw the children all around, crying and talking, he brightened up, but Maman took hold of him firmly and opened his mouth. Then Beatrice poured a spoonful of the sweet syrupy liquid down his throat.

"Now run away, Pippo," they said, "and don't come back until you are feeling better."

He ran out into the garden and sat by an acacia tree, feeling very, very miserable. He held his little blue stomach with his tiny black paws and oh, Pippo was sick. But it was the brown liquid that saved him.

In spite of his narrow escape, Pippo was in mischief again the very next day.





PIPPO AND THE GUINEA PIGS

Jean came home from the village one morning hugging something carefully in his arms.

"See what I traded my old knife for." He laid two little brown and black and white spotted creatures on the terrace.

"What funny little animals," said Alice, "they have hardly any ears."

"And no tails," shouted Henri.

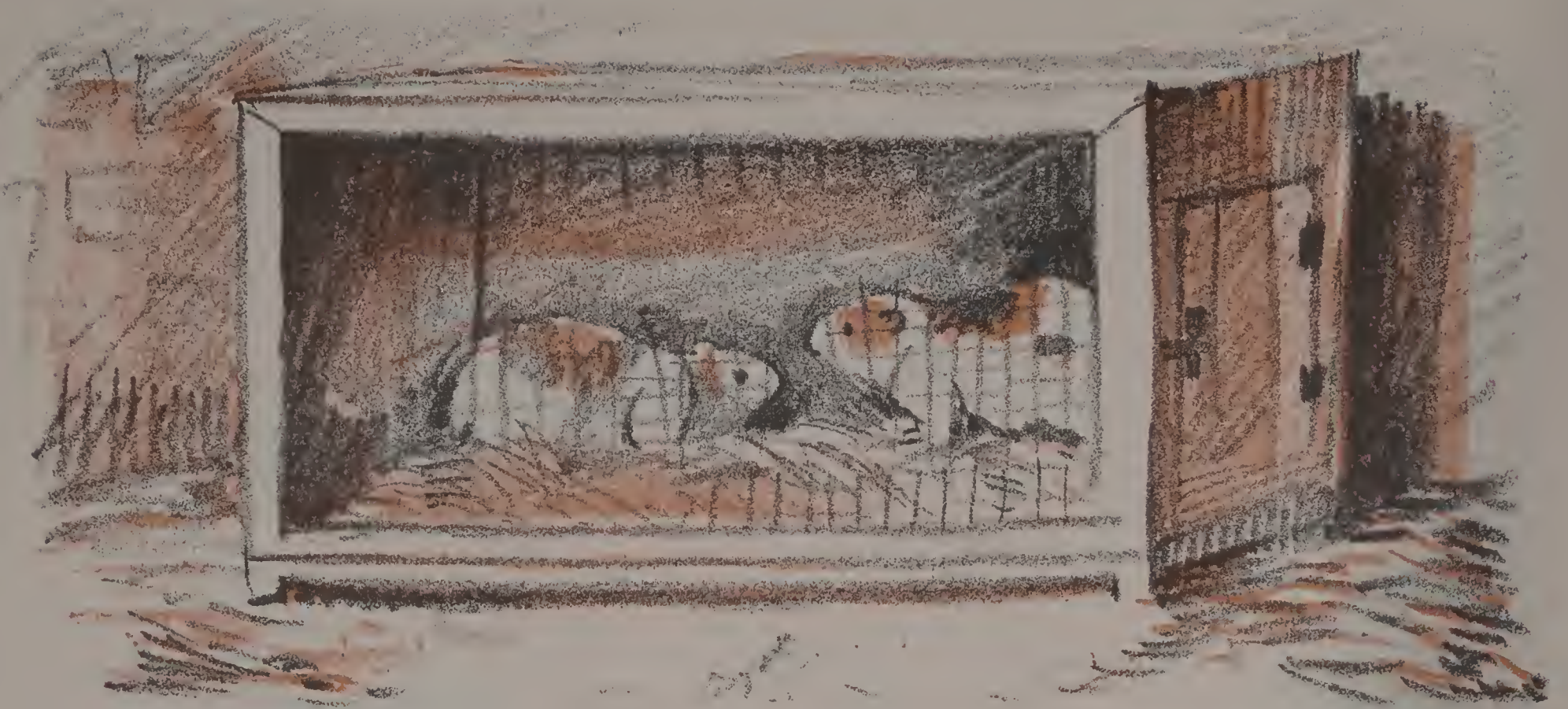
"They're guinea pigs," said Jean indignantly. "And they are just like all guinea pigs."

"Jean! What next?" cried Maman.

Jean gathered them up.



"They're guinea pigs," said Jean indignantly.



“Well, be good to them and make them a nice cage, and keep them away from Pippo,” said Maman.

That was good advice, they all agreed, since no one knew how Pippo would treat them. He might be very rough, or he might be very, very gentle. One never knew about Pippo.

They decided to keep the guinea pigs a deep, deep secret from the little monkey.

Coco made them a nice home from a wooden box, with wire netting on one side of it. They kept it clean and fresh and gave them plenty of water to drink, and oats and carrots and lettuce to eat. The guinea pigs seemed to be very happy.

One day Jean raced to the house shouting the news that there were four baby guinea pigs down in the garage!

They were queer little things with great round heads and bright eyes, and no tails of course, which made them look like little round balls.

And still Pippo knew nothing about the secret in the garage, six secrets now instead of two, as he ran about getting into mischief, eating and playing.

The guinea pigs got along very nicely. The babies were lively little fellows and grew fast.

The family thought it a great joke on Pippo.

Then one bright morning Jean and Coco with the little children, were headed for the pond with their sailboats, when they met a strange procession wandering down the driveway. It was the mother guinea pig out for a stroll with her four babies.

They stopped in amazement. How had she escaped from her cage? How had she wandered so far from home? For a moment they forgot about Pippo who had been running along with them. But suddenly they remembered him. Pippo was staring at these strange new creatures with a look of utter surprise on his funny old face. There never was a more puzzled little monkey. What were they? Kittens?

Jean made a movement to chase him away, but Coco caught his arm.

"Wait, let's see what he will do."

Pippo had forgotten the children. He walked toward the little creatures. They settled down as though frozen. Then he picked one up very gently and began to cuddle it under his chin, talking to it softly.

"Look at him, he is holding it upside down!"

And so he was. Funny Pippo was being gentle and kind to the baby guinea pig in his own way.

One after another he picked them up and patted them gently, each one upside down. Then when he had set them down in a little row on the driveway again he stood and looked at them thoughtfully. They did not move. Suddenly Pippo seemed to have a great idea. For the next few moments he was a very busy little fellow. One by one he picked them up, never once getting them right side up, and carried them over to the foot of the pine tree.

He had decided they were kittens. Perhaps he hoped they would climb about and play as Mousm  's fluffy babies played. But the little guinea pigs just sat huddled into tiny round balls and did not move.





Pippo grew impatient. He gave one a shove, then he pushed another, and in a moment he was having a fine time, shoving and pushing the poor little guinea pigs about.

It was time to interfere.

"Pippo! Stop that," shouted Jean.

Pippo was startled. He bounded up into the pine tree. There he clung, squeaking his disgust and disappointment at guinea pigs and children.

Poor Pippo. Someone was always interfering with his pleasure!

"You had better take them away," said Florrie, who had come up in time to see the last of the comedy.

So while Pippo tossed pine cones down at them, they gathered up the guinea pig family and put them back in their cage. But the next day Jean took them down to the village.

"What did you do with them?" asked Maman when he returned empty-handed.

"Raffled them off to the village children," said Jean.



He bounded up into the pine tree.



LE GOUTER IN THE AFTERNOON

On the terrace at La Gauloise was a fishpool surrounded by rose trees. On either side of the pool stood a marble table.

At four o'clock each afternoon there was a pleasant scraping of chairs and scuffle of feet on the gravel of the terrace as the children gathered around their table for *le gouter*.

At the same time Maman and her guests sat down to tea at the other marble table.

All over France at four o'clock each day, the children stop their studying, or play, or work, for *le gouter*. It is always the same, bread and butter, a piece of chocolate and a glass of milk or sweet fruit juice.

First Rosa brought out the tea and bread and butter and cake for the grown ups. Then she brought the children their *gouter*. Pippo always knew when it was four o'clock. He waited by the door for Maman to come out. When she appeared he leaped about her with little squeaks of excitement and joy. The moment she sat down he climbed to her shoulder. It was the happiest moment of the day for the little monkey.

Now and then Maman would break off a bit of bread and hand it to him. Even while he was eating it he was watching for more. If Maman forgot him, Pippo's little black paw would dart out and snatch a piece of bread or cake that she was carrying to her mouth and cram it into his own little mouth.

"Naughty Pippo, you have no manners," Maman would scold gently. But Pippo never noticed Maman's scolding. It was far too gentle.

Sometimes when tea time seemed too quiet at Maman's table, Pippo would wander over to the children's table in search of excitement. He could be sure of excitement there, and perhaps also a bit of chocolate. And without doubt he would be teased.

"Look, Pippo, good, good!" and Coco would chew hard, pretending he was eating something very delicious. Then Pippo would spring to his shoulder and try frantically to open Coco's mouth.

Then Paul would call, "Here Pippo, look, here!"

So between them all they kept Pippo dashing back and forth. Sooner or later he would be rewarded with a piece of bread and butter.

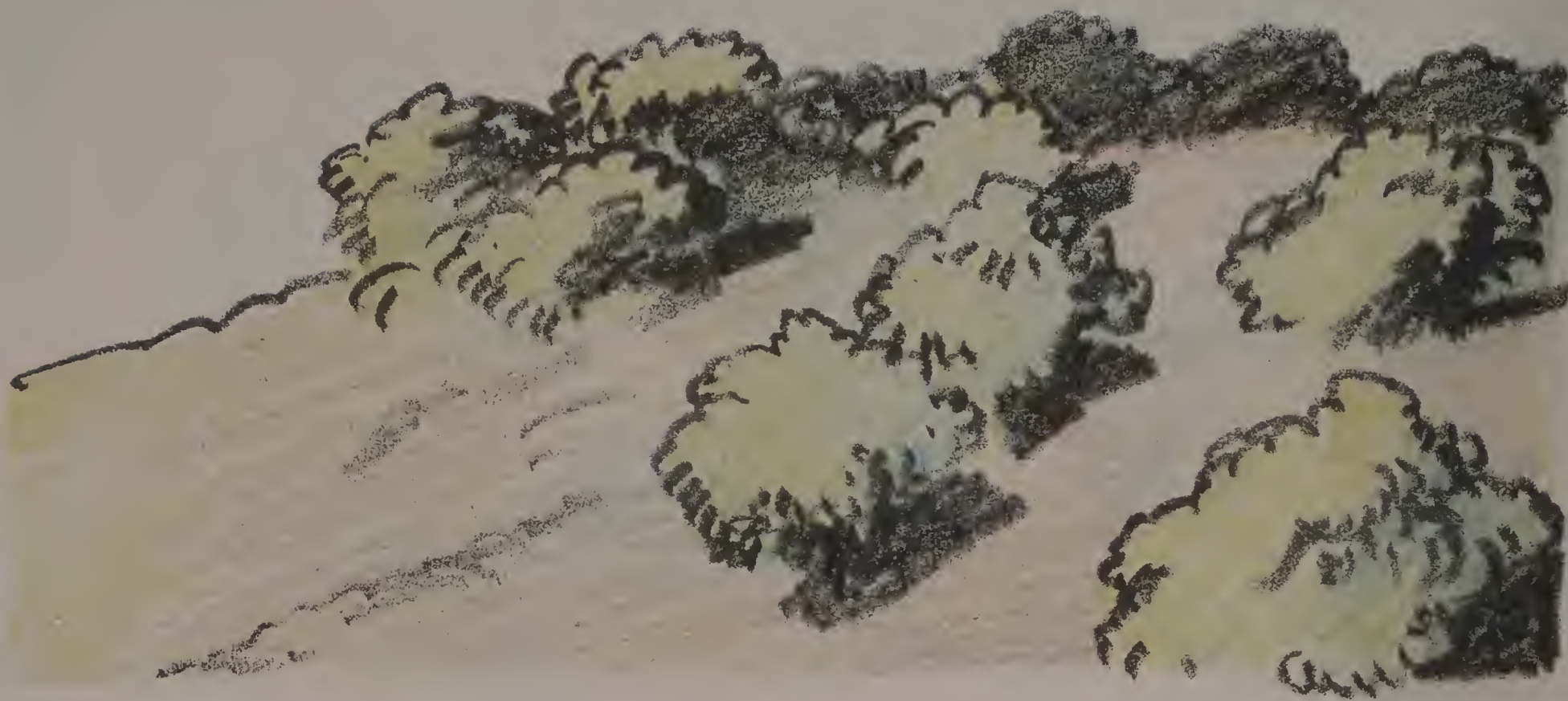
One day Pippo delayed so long at Maman's table that when he finally wandered over to the other table the children had left. There was nothing but a circle of empty plates and goblets.

Pippo swung himself to a chair and leaning on the table peered about at the empty dishes. His quick eyes spied a few crumbs which he cleaned up. He peered into the glasses. In the bottom of each glass a tiny drop of cherry syrup had been left. It smelled most fragrant and delicious. Pippo lifted a glass with his tiny paws, his littlest fingers arched daintily. Throwing his head back he drained the glass of the drop of syrup. How good it was! He went on to the next glass and the next, tilting each one high in the air and draining it. He was enjoying *le gouter* all by himself and without any teasing.

At last he had finished with each glass and cleaned up every crumb. He straightened up and looked around with a pleased expression on his funny little face as though to say,

"That was very good indeed. Let's have it again tomorrow." And not until then did he see the whole family sitting watching him. How they laughed at him! Pippo did not like it. He ran to Maman's shoulder and cuddled his head under her chin and she told him that he was a very clever little monkey.





PIPPO GOES VISITING

Behind the house, beyond the water tank, rose a hill covered with walnut and chestnut trees. On the other side of the hill, some distance from La Gauloise, were great lime pits where rough, black-bearded men worked. Coco, Jean, and Paul sometimes tramped to the lime pits to watch them at work.

The workmen lived in small shacks and cooked their meals in iron pots over open fires. The boys sometimes wondered what went into the strange-looking stews that bubbled in the iron pots. Almost anything, they decided.

"We had better keep our eyes on Pippo or they might catch him and put him in their stew," said Jean very seriously, as they wandered home through the woods one day.

"I'd like to see anyone catch Pippo," Coco scoffed. "We can hardly catch him ourselves when we want him."

"But they could set a trap for him," argued Jean.

"You don't even know that he goes that far away," said Paul, tossing a chestnut burr into the trees above. There was a sudden commotion in the branches.

"Chee-e-e-e," scolded a familiar little voice.

"Pippo," three voices shouted together in surprise.

A white face with funny fringe of beard peered down at them from the leaves above. Then Pippo swung himself to a low hanging branch.



A white face peered down at them from the leaves above.



"Come on home, Pippo, it's time for *le goûter*," they called and as they ambled homeward through the woods, he followed them.

"You see," said Jean, "he might easily go as far as the lime pits."

For a few days they kept a closer watch on the wandering little monkey, then they began to forget their fears.

One noon Maman called and called to him. He had been gone since early morning.

"Has anyone seen Pippo?" she asked as the family gathered around the table in the *bosquet*. They missed Pippo in the medlar trees.

But no one had seen him.

"After we have eaten, I would like to have you go and look for him," Maman said, "we really must watch him more closely."

"We found him in the woods over near the lime pits, the other day," said Paul, and Jean nodded.

"Those men at the lime pits will catch him some day."

Everyone was a little worried. Although Pippo was a small nuisance, they all loved him dearly, and wanted nothing to happen to him.

Now some distance to the right of the house was a stone wall which divided La Gauloise from the neighboring estate. Two maiden ladies lived there in a gloomy mansion. They were very queer, but one was queerer than the other. In fact some people said she was not just right in her poor old head. She was said to stay in an upper room and never leave the house. The children at La Gauloise regarded the place with deep awe. It was so strange and mysterious that they seldom went near it.

On that particular day Pippo had been having a very pleasant time. First of all he had spent a long time in the tall pine tree in front of the house. He liked the sweet little pignon nuts that grew in the cones. He liked them so well that he left nothing but empty cones for the children. After that he had wandered away, travelling a long distance in the high green world that he shared with the birds.

He had gone almost as far as the lime pits and then turned homeward again. And then he had come to the tree that overhung the wall dividing La Gauloise from the old ladies' estate. From this tree Pippo followed the branches across the wall and into a tree that grew right over the old house. And there just beneath him, Pippo saw an open window!

Meanwhile the children were scattered through the woods calling for Pippo, but no Pippo answered. Except for their voices the air was still and heavy with the silence of a hot noon day.

Suddenly a shrill scream sounded through the trees. It was an old voice calling. They could hear the words very plainly.

"Venez chercher votre singe!" the shrill voice cried over and over.

Maman heard it and groaned. The old voice was calling, "Come and get your monkey!"

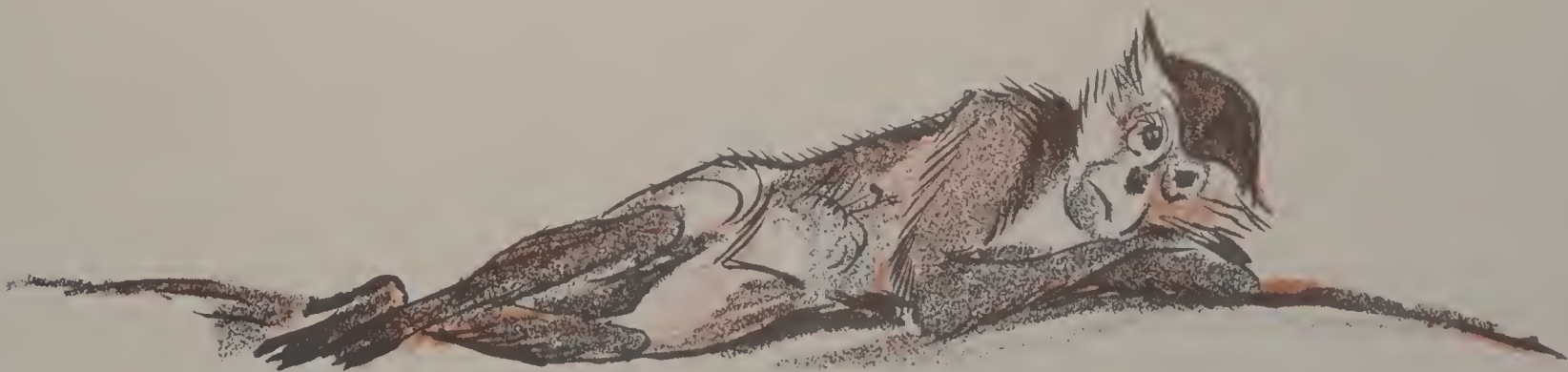
Pippo was in mischief again.

Jean was ahead of the others. He climbed the wall. Above him one of the sisters stood at the open window, screaming wildly. As he ran to the door it was opened by the other sister. She pointed upstairs angrily.

Up the stairs, two at a time, Jean bounded. It was not hard to guess which room. He opened the door. What a scene!

The poor old lady stood on a chair screaming at the top of her voice while Pippo, excited by the noise, and having a very jolly time, leaped about screeching noisily. He was bounding from the bed to the dresser when Jean opened the door. Catching sight of Jean, he stopped for a moment. It was just long enough for Jean to catch him and carry him downstairs and out of the house.

And now Pippo was in deep disgrace. He had run away and frightened a poor old lady. For several days he had to wear his little leather belt with the chain fastened to a perch on the terrace. The days were quiet for Pippo. But quiet days gave Pippo time to think of more mischief.





PIPPO THE HERO

One day Pippo discovered that he was a hero. It happened this way.

The summer was flying fast. After the spring rains there is no more rain in southern France until winter sets in. During the long hot summer everything dries up and each day seems hotter and drier than the last. If it had not been for the little canals which ran through the grounds at La Gauloise the gardens would have dried up entirely. But the canals could not keep the trees or shrubbery green. Dry leaves drifted down in the woods and under the pines the soft cushion of pine needles was like tinder.



No one noticed when he wandered away.



Pippo had followed Paul and Coco and Beatrice and Laura through the magnolia trees to the tennis courts. There he played for a little while. No one noticed when he wandered away for the game they were playing was fast and exciting. Paul, so quick and clever with a tennis racket, and Coco, soon had their sisters beaten, but not willing to give up.

They sat down to rest and cool off.

"It is getting hotter and hotter," said Laura, fanning herself with her handkerchief.

"Let's finish the set tonight," suggested Coco, then added suddenly, "where's Pippo?"

They looked about. No one knew, nor worried much, since he always turned up again quite safe.

They rose lazily to go to the house.

"Hark!" said Beatrice, "there he is now. Come Pippo!"

In the stillness they could hear the sound of branches rustling, bending and snapping. Pippo must be in a great hurry. A moment later he dropped to the ground near them. His funny little face and big eyes were alive with exciting news. He was trying to tell them something. Something strange had happened back there in the woods.

"He has been frightened," said Laura, catching him up in her arms. "Let's go down and see what is wrong."

But they had scarcely started down the pathway when a faint puff of wind brought the sharp smell of smoke to them.

"Fire!" cried Coco, breaking into a run.

They discovered it down by the gateway. Little tongues of flame were running along the ground, licking greedily at the dry leaves and pine needles. As it ran swiftly along puffs of smoke arose and spread through the air.

There was no time to be lost. Soon the fire would be beyond their control. The girls ran back with Pippo, calling for Maman, for the gardeners, for everyone to come and help put out the fire. Coco and Paul were beating at it with sticks and trying to stamp it out.

Presently the whole household was running to the fire with brooms and pails. They carried water from the pond and they beat at the flames with the brooms. But as soon as the fire was out in one spot it was blazing merrily in another.

How dreadful it would be if the fire should spread through the woods and kill the trees!

Everyone was hot and dusty and smoky but no one cared for anything but to put out the fire. Suddenly they heard shouts. Some boys were running up the driveway. They were boys from the school which was down the road a short distance. While out walking they had smelled the smoke and come in to see what was wrong. They lost no time in helping. They broke branches from the trees and beat at the flames.

And then at last, between them all, they put out the fire. The woods were saved! Everyone was grateful to the boys who had helped at just the right time when it looked as though everything was lost.

They talked and talked about it.

"But who discovered the fire?" asked Maman, at last.

Laura and Beatrice and Coco and Paul looked at one another, and broke into laughter.

"Why it was Pippo!" they said.

And so for a while Pippo was a great hero instead of the mischievous little fellow that was always getting into trouble.





PIPPO ENTERTAINS FOR MAMAN

The end of September had come. In the arbor the grapes hung sweet and heavy, black and red, purple and white. In the orchards, the apples and pears were ripe for picking, although Pippo had long since sampled them. Prickly chestnut burrs scattered shiny brown nuts for the children to gather. The hazel nuts were popping out of their brown husks in the *allée* where the almonds had long since ripened. It was almost time to leave La Gauloise and return to the city and school again.



In the arbor the grapes hung sweet and heavy.



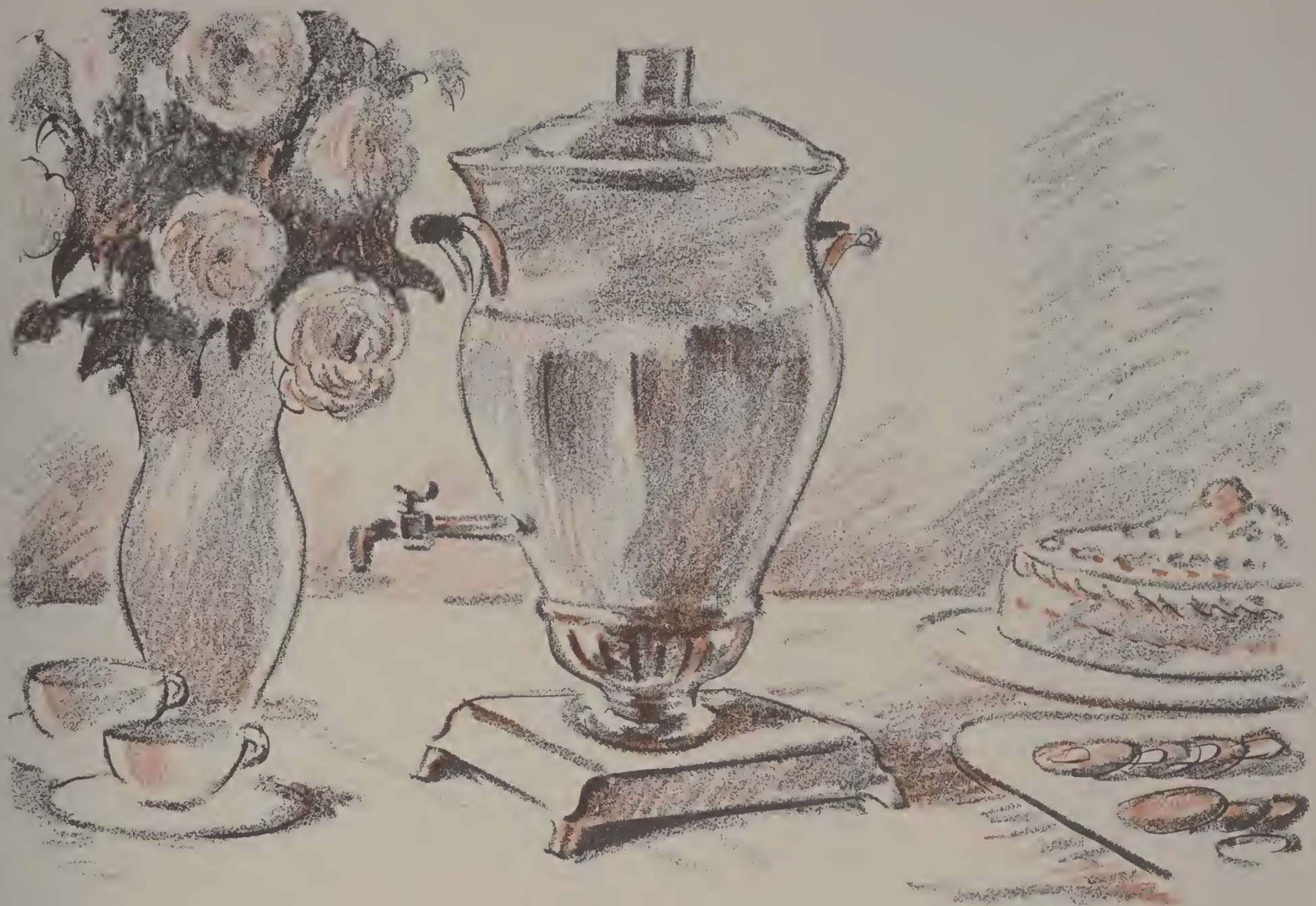
The days flew. There came the day when the big stone house in the city echoed to the shouts of the returning children and Pippo found himself in a home he had not seen before.

Although life in Marseilles was different, it was pleasant too, in spite of long school hours. There were just as many visitors and even more gay parties. Across the street lived their friends the Ostoms. There were seven children in the Ostrom family. How glad they all were to see one another again.

But for Pippo the change was not so happy. There were no gardens or trees in which to play. Since he was so mischievous, he had to be fastened to his perch a great deal, and he often grew restless.

Every Tuesday Maman held a reception and tea for Papa's official friends and their wives. The general and his wife, the prefect and his wife, the consuls, the army and navy officers and many other people came. The rooms were crowded with women in pretty dresses and men in handsome uniforms.

Maman sat in an armchair by the fireplace in the living room, very straight and beautiful in her black lace and satin dress, her blue eyes shining. Nearby stood Papa, handsome and dark, with a friendly greeting for everyone.



On a long table in the next room stood a shiny samovar surrounded by trays of cakes and sandwiches, for the guests.

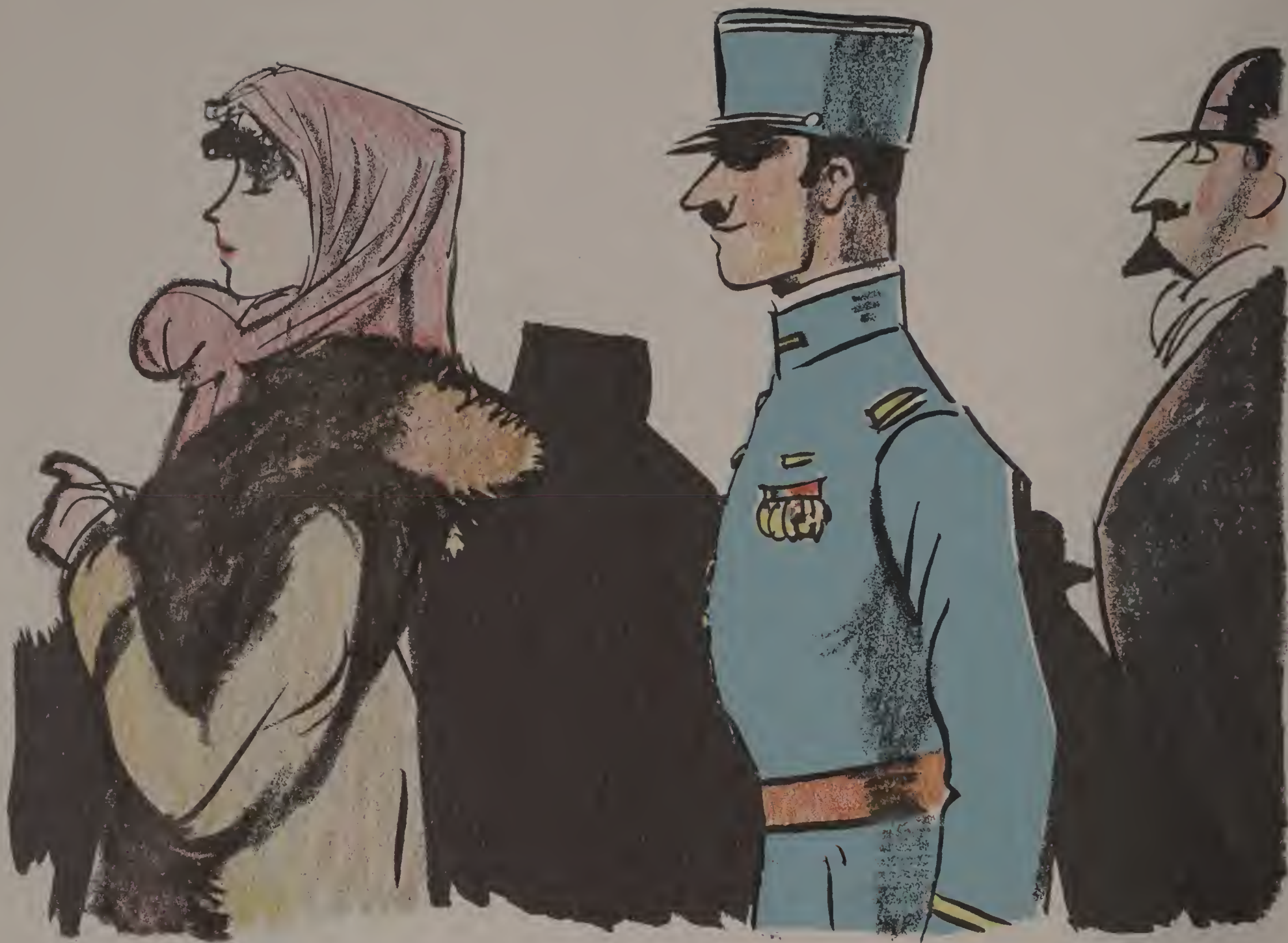
That year Maman said she thought Laura and Beatrice were old enough to help her entertain. She promised that the very next Tuesday they might help pass the tea and cakes to the guests.

You can imagine how excited and happy the girls were. The little dress-maker made them each a new dress of red and white taffeta, trimmed with rows and rows of tiny ruffles. Beatrice had light curly hair, like Maman's. Laura's hair was dark like Papa's. But although they were so different they both looked very pretty in their red and white dresses and Maman was pleased with them.

They were all ready to go downstairs.

"Is Pippo fastened to his perch?" asked Laura. "We don't want him at the party."

Beatrice laughed and hastily snapped the chain to Pippo's little belt. Pippo looked unhappy at that. He knew that something pleasant was going to happen and that he would have to sit up there by himself all afternoon. He wrapped his little arms around himself and looked very sad.



“Be a good little Pippo,” said Laura and Beatrice, “and when it is over you shall have a piece of cake.”

The guests were arriving. They hurried downstairs.

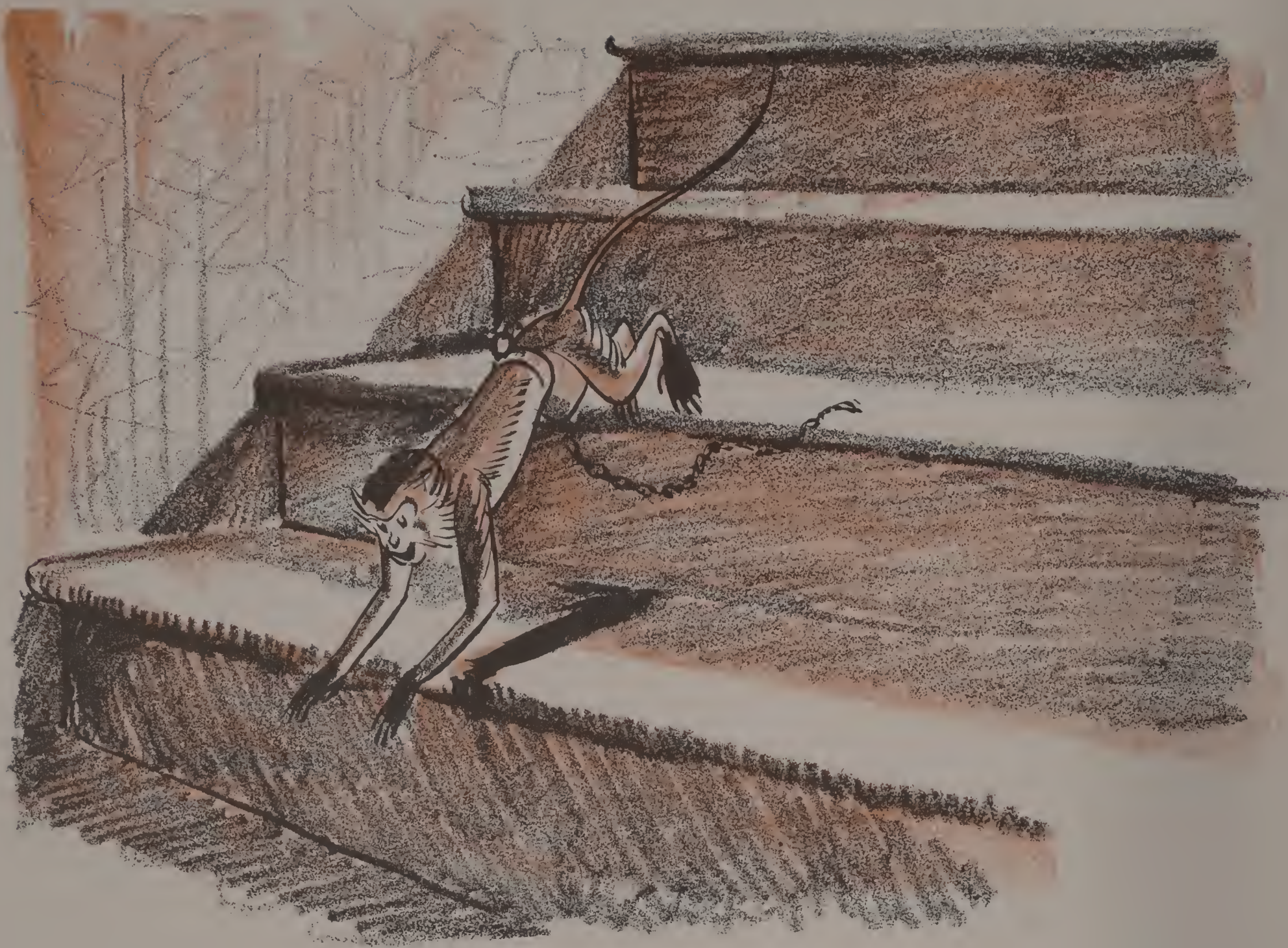
Oh, how gay it was and how glad the two girls were to be there! The rooms were full of pleasant people, flowers, and bright colors. The girls carried the tea cups and the cakes and helped all they could to make Maman’s reception perfect.

People kept coming and going. Beatrice was offering a cup of tea to the prefect’s wife when suddenly she heard a strange clinking sound.

What could it be? Beatrice turned and listened. There it was, and growing louder. Clink, clink, clink. Now she knew what it was. It was Pippo’s chain, dragging down the stairs, hitting each step with a little jangle. Pippo had broken loose and had decided to come to the party!



Beatrice was offering a cup of tea to the prefect's wife.



Before she could reach the doorway Pippo was standing there, very straight and dignified. His dark eyes shone brightly out of his little white face. His funny white beard stood out more stiffly than ever making him look old and wise.

He was puzzled by the crowd of people. He wanted Maman. Suddenly with a squeak of joy he caught sight of her and started toward her.

But alas for Pippo! At the same moment a charming woman turned around and saw him. She began to scream in fright.

"Oh, *le singe, le singe!*" she shrieked, as though an elephant had appeared in the room instead of a tiny monkey.

And then the other women began to scream in fright. A man made a dash for Pippo's chain. But Pippo leaped for a window and climbing up the curtain sat on the curtain pole, screeching and chattering at the people below him.

Papa tried in vain to coax him down. Instead he jumped for a chandelier, then to the floor, with people chasing him. He ran across the room and came to the tea table.



She began to scream in fright.



Up he jumped, his chain swinging about, sending the cakes and sandwiches flying and the cups rolling about. He snatched a little cake and leaped to the top of the mantel.

Everything was helter skelter, with women huddled in corners screaming and men trying to catch the little monkey.

But Pippo was safe on a high perch. He was frightened no longer and was really enjoying himself. Life had been dull lately. This was more like the noise and excitement of the old days at La Gauloise.

Beatrice and Laura looked at him in angry despair as he sat on the mantel stuffing cake into his mouth.

"Laura," whispered Beatrice, "if we kiss Maman, he will come down. You know he can't bear that."

Laura groaned, "We shall look like idiots."

"It's the only way we can catch him."

"All right."

They rushed to Maman and threw their arms around her. They kissed her noisily and told her how lovely she was, while the guests looked at them in surprise.

"Everyone thinks we are mad," said Laura. "I feel silly doing this."

"Never mind," whispered Beatrice, "Pippo is looking at us."

"Dear, dear Mummy," they cried.

Pippo had stopped eating his cake and was staring at them angrily. They were kissing his dear Maman. He could not bear that. He threw down the cake with a squeak of rage and leaped down from the mantel. A moment later he was climbing up on Maman's lap, pushing Laura and Beatrice away. He tucked his head under Maman's chin and chattered softly to her as though he were a very good little child.

But Maman did not love Pippo just then. She handed him to Laura.

"No, Pippo, no! You have been a very naughty little fellow."

Laura and Beatrice carried him upstairs and this time they locked him in the room.

"It was partly my fault," said Beatrice, "I was in such a hurry I forgot to close the door tight. We will forgive you this time, Pippo, but you must never, never, be so naughty again."

Pippo sat huddled on his perch. "Now what did I do that was so terrible?" he seemed to say.





PIPPO HELPS WITH THE PLUM PUDDING

Now winter had come and Christmas was not far off. Winter is very mild in southern France. There is no snow and the days are sunny. In spite of the sun little Pippo felt the change. He was chilly and sat near the fire with his arms wrapped around his little body.

"Poor Pippo," they said, "you must have a little jacket."

"Christmas is almost here," said Florrie mysteriously.

Soon it was time to make the plum pudding. This was Maman's task each year. The children always begged to help make the pudding but Cook was cross and did not want them in the kitchen. So Maman said they must stay out. But how hard it was when they saw the heaps of raisins and currants, the candied lemon and orange peel, the citron and the figs, the almonds and fragrant spices.



He was chilly and sat near the fire.



Then on the very day that Maman had planned to make the pudding, Cook fell ill. Maman sent her home to get well and hired a new cook in her place for a few days. The new cook was young and jolly. She just laughed when Maman came into the kitchen with a troupe of young ones following her. They could have the kitchen for the day, she said, and laughed again when she saw that Pippo had come to help too.

So they all began to make the pudding. A great deal of this and a great deal of that was measured out and mixed together. Then it was time to stir. Oh, what a lot of stirring that pudding took! They all took turns stirring until their arms ached.

Right in the midst of all this they heard a sound in the street outside for all the world like music. All of them rushed to the window to see what was happening outside.

"It's the Musical Man," cried Jean, "he is here again!"

The Musical Man was a strange person who appeared once or twice a year on the streets of Marseilles. He was covered with bells. Small bells tinkled from his arms and wrists. There were rows of jingling bells around his ankles. He wore a high pointed hat that was hung with bells.

He was very much like the court jesters of ancient times. As he strolled along the streets he would stop before a house and sing and dance. While he danced the bells jingled gaily. The children were always charmed by the strange Musical Man. Even Maman enjoyed watching him. When he was through singing they always gave him some coins.

For a while the plum pudding was quite forgotten while they watched his strange antics. He stopped singing and Coco went out and gave him some money. He waved his hat to them and went jingling down the street. They turned back to the kitchen and the plum pudding.

They had forgotten Pippo! While they were watching the Musical Man Pippo had found that the plum pudding was full of delicious sweet black raisins. He had been very busy pulling raisins out of the pudding for all the world like Jack Horner. His cheeks stuck out like tiny balloons.

“Pippo,” they cried, “get out of here, you bad little monkey!”

Pippo waited long enough to cram the raisins that he clutched in his little black hands into his mouth, then he leaped off the table and raced for the door.

In spite of Pippo the plum pudding was finished and put on to steam.

The next day Maman took the children down to the flower market. They bought branches of evergreen and holly to hang about the house, over the doors and the pictures. They cut letters out of white cotton wool and spelled *Joyeux Noël* over the hall doorway. The evergreen made the house smell like the woods and La Gauloise.

And then it was Christmas Eve. A great Christmas tree stood in the living room. Pippo was wild with excitement when he saw a real tree again. He capered about and shrieked little shrieks of joy. Under the tree were heaps of mysterious packages.

Among all the packages were some for Pippo of course, but the one he liked best of all held a little red jacket to keep him warm.

What a happy Christmas Day it was! The Ostoms came to eat dinner with them. In the fireplace blazed the biggest log that Papa could find anywhere. After they had eaten and eaten of the turkey and goose, the plum pudding was brought in, wreathed in holly and blazing with bright blue flames.

And Pippo, because it was Christmas, was allowed to stay in the dining room, wearing his new little red jacket.





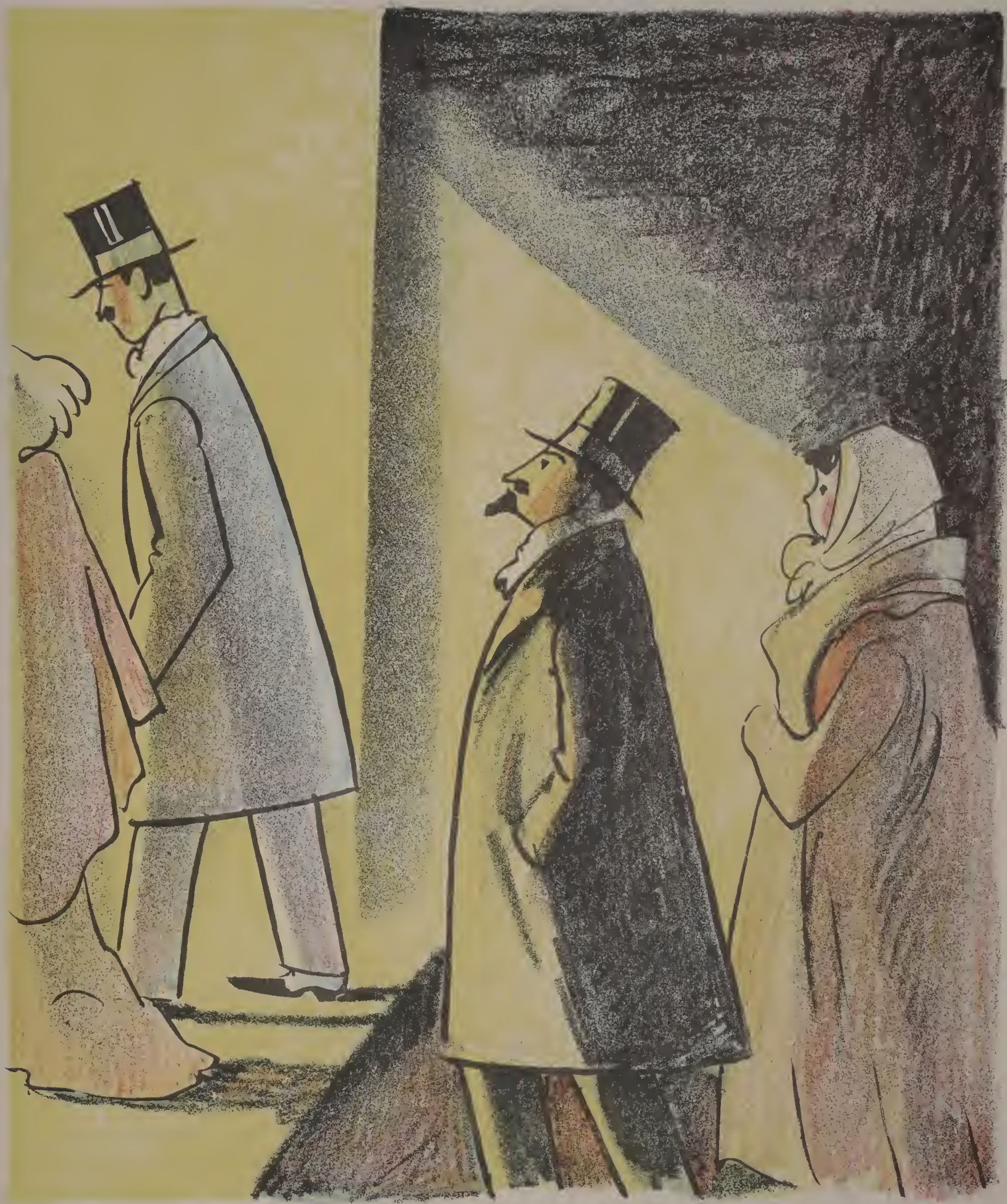
HAPPY NEW YEAR

"I wish Christmas would last a whole year," sighed Henri.

"Then what would you do about New Year's?" asked Alice. "Don't you know that we always have a New Year's party?"

"Henri was too little to remember last year's party," said big sister Florrie, "but this year he can come."

It was fun for the children, after Christmas was gone, to look forward to New Year. Each one knew that if he wanted to be at the party he would have to go to bed early each night without being cross or naughty. Maman was very firm about that. What good children they were that week!



All their friends were invited to come for supper.



On New Year's Eve all their friends were invited to come for supper and to stay to see the New Year come in. The house was full of happy young people. Pippo dashed about in his little red jacket as gay as a cricket in the midst of the excitement.

After supper they played games. Long before midnight Henri and Alice grew sleepy and curled up and went to sleep. Papa promised he would wake them up to see the New Year come in.

The rugs were rolled back and chairs pushed aside while their older brothers and sisters and their friends danced.

At last the hands of the clock pointed almost straight together. Maman woke up Henri and Alice. Papa stood with his watch in his hand counting the seconds. Three, two, one! Midnight!

"Happy New Year! Happy New Year!" shouted everyone to everyone else. Beatrice sat down at the piano and played a gay tune. The rest seized hands and danced around and around. Pippo in the excitement seized hold of Florrie's skirt and went whirling about screeching his delight.

When they were all tired out they sat down to catch their breath.

"What shall we do for good luck for the New Year?" they asked Maman. But each one had a different idea.

Someone said that it is good luck if the first person to enter the house on New Year's Day is a dark person. So they pushed Papa out of the house and made him come in again because he was a dark man and would bring them luck.

Then Maman remembered that it was said to be good luck if the baby of the house was the first one to turn the calendar sheet over to the new page. So they brought little Henri and he sleepily turned the new page.

One of the boys said that the one who could jump from the highest spot would have the most luck. They began jumping from chairs, from tables, anything they could climb on. Finally Jean brought a little ladder and jumped from that. But Papa said, "No more, someone will break a leg and that would not be good luck." Since Pippo had jumped from the top of the window to a chair everyone said that Pippo would be the luckiest that year.

It was growing late.

"Shoo, shoo, all of you," cried Maman, "tomorrow Papa and I hold open house. I must get up early to prepare for it."

The rugs were unrolled, the chairs put back and one more song was sung.

"Good night and a Happy New Year," called everyone.

The house was still after the last guest was gone. A sleepy crowd of children trooped off to bed.

A new year had begun. Soon spring would be returning.





BACK TO LA GAULOISE

January passed, and February. Now March had come with warm winds saying that spring had returned.

Pippo was restless and thin. He was tired of living in the city. He no longer needed his little red jacket. He began to dream of long bright days in the woods. Barry began to shed his heavy winter coat. And the children talked of nothing but building rafts and new sailboats, and going to the seashore.

"The lilacs must be blooming at La Gauloise," said Maman, one day.

"And daffodils and violets," piped up Alice.

"Mummy, tell us about how you and Papa came to buy La Gauloise," coaxed Laura.



Spring had returned to La Gauloise.



So Maman told them about the winter when she was so ill. This was long before her family was as large as it was now. She had longed so much for the country and the return of spring.

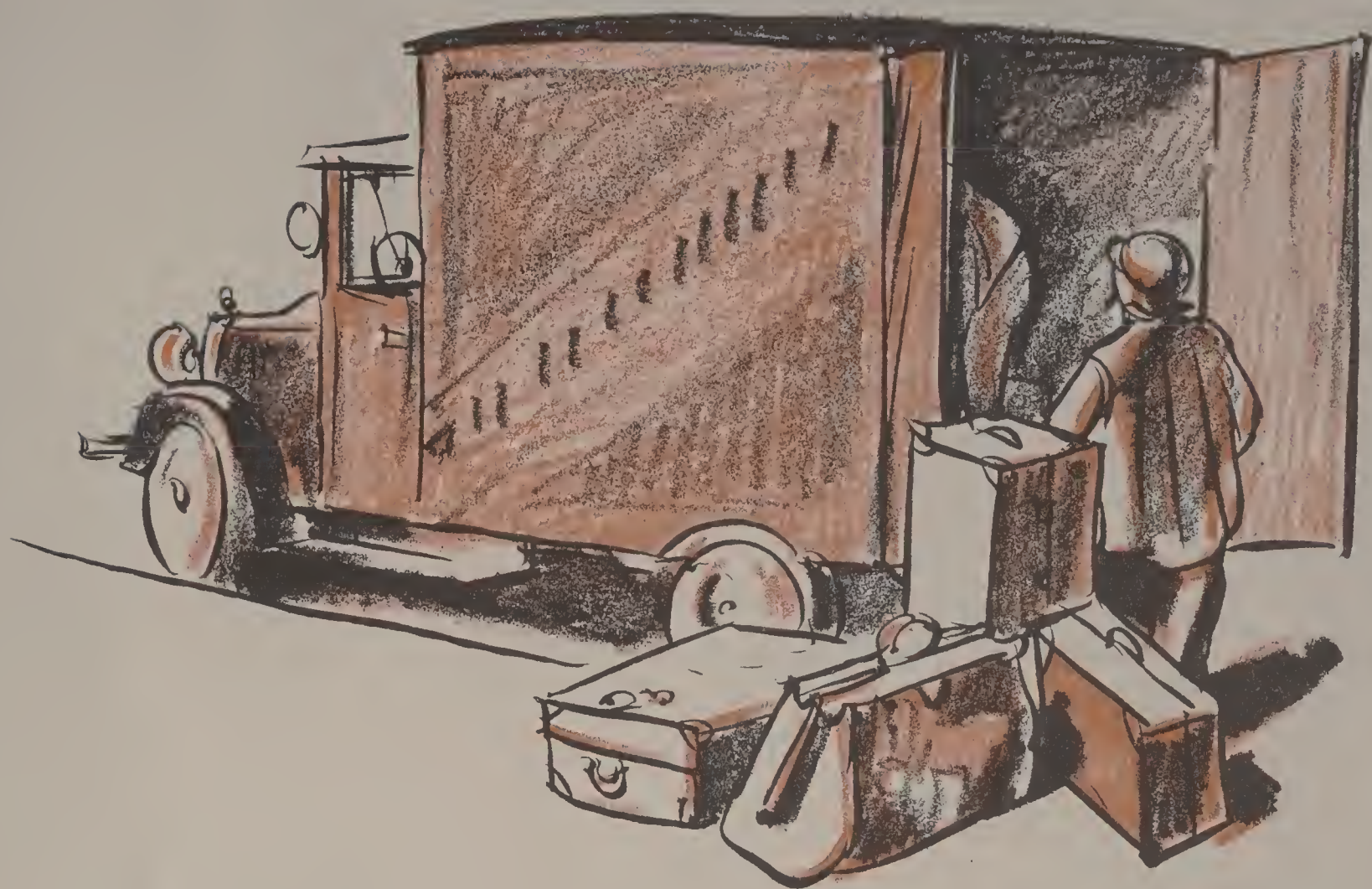
Then one day Papa left on a mysterious errand. At any rate, it was a mystery to Maman where he was going. But Papa had heard about a place in the country that was for sale. It had been closed for a long, long time. He had looked at many places in the country and none of them had seemed just right.

But when he came to this place and saw the long driveway with the trees bordering it, and the woods on either side; when he saw the lilacs and daffodils and violets, and heard the birds singing, then Papa knew this was the place he wanted for Maman.

He bought it that day. The house had a key of heavy brass, a foot long. The name of the place was La Gauloise, so called after the first inhabitants of France, the brave Gauls.

He took the key home and laid it in Maman's lap.

"Why, what is this?" cried Maman in amazement.



"It is the key to your new home in the country, where you are going to be strong and well and happy," Papa answered.

That was the story Maman told them that day.

At last May came and with it the end of school.

There was much packing going on in the stone house in the city. Then one day a van drove up to the door and all the trunks were lifted into it.

The big family car stood at the entrance. They climbed in.

"Pippo, Pippo! Where is Pippo?" they cried to one another. Pippo was soon there, climbing all over them, chattering and happy because everyone else was.

Away they drove and before long they were at the gateway of La Gauloise. Coco and Jean jumped out and opened the heavy iron gate. They drove along the driveway between the rows of palms and acacias. The air was heavy and sweet with the scents of early summer. The ducks were quacking loudly on the pond as though to welcome them back. The car drew up with a pleasant crunchy sound on the white gravel. Out poured a noisy, happy crowd of children. But happiest of all was Pippo, back again among his dear trees.

SO much to do! Trunks to be unpacked, clothes to be put away, the pigeons, the pond, the orchard, the woods to be visited. The day passed swiftly. It was fun to eat in the *bosquet* again with the friendly medlar trees closing them about with their shade, and Pippo up to his old tricks again.

Fun to have tea and *le gouter* on the terrace once more.

Then it was evening. A big moon was rising over the pines.

"Oh Mummy, let us stay up just this first night to see the moon," they begged.

Maman said yes, because it was their first night back at La Gauloise. So they sat on the terrace, the moonlight making it silvery white, the great pines casting strange shadows around them all, a big happy family of children and a tired happy little Pippo.







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